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THE

SON-IN-LAW,

A

COMIC OPERA:

AS IT IS ACTED

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

SMOKE-ALLEY.

by John O'Keeffe

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

O' Neeffe, John

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FROM

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1612

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M'EN.

Old Cranky,
Bowkitt,
Bouquet,
Vinegar,
Idle,
Mum,
and Senior Arionelli.

WOMEN.

Cecilia,
and Dolce.

SON-IN-LAW.

A C T I.

Enter CECILIA.

FATHER! Sir! Do pray come out—I fear he'll do some mischief there.

Enter Cranky.

Cran. Ah, ha! upon my word very well, very pretty indeed.

Cec. Pretty! say elegant, my dear papa—Show me such another orchestra for a private concert—You have seen Drury-Lane, at an Oratorio.

Cran. Not I child.

Cec. If you had, you must indisputably, nay, certainly would own that I have fitted out my little room, in a far superior style—A stranger would imagine, nothing would produce such an effect, but the taste of a Cornely.

Cran. Ay like enough child, like enough.

Cec. Ah! my dear papa, what inexpressible delight would it give me, if you had but a little taste for music.

Cran. Why I have Cecilia—I have a very great taste for music.

Cec. Indeed!

Cran. Yes, I have, for I stopp'd upwards of two minutes the other day, in Lincoln's-Inn-fields, listening to the man playing on the little sticks.

Cec. Oh! Orpheus defend me.

Cran. I like a good song, or a good tune upon the fiddle—But at your confounded concerts, as you call them, they set up such a roaring, scraping and piping,

that confound me if I can hear one for the noise of the other.

Cec. Ha! ha! but my dear papa—If I could prevail upon you to stay at home only this evening.

Cran. I can't child, its Club Night.

Cec. You'll be inspired with such a Gusto.

Cran. A good song and a bottle that's my Gusto. I am an Englishman, Cecilia. I like an English song, and I'd rather hear the simple nervous strains of an honest Tar, in praise of a Rodney, a Hood or a Howe, than all the squallini concerts in Italy. Oh! girl if you was but to hear a song at our Club.

Cec. Over a bottle.

Cran. Ay girl, over a bottle.

Cec. They sing so charming, loud and strong.

Cran. Well, but I want to speak to you, upon a more serious subject—I am informed, you have an acquaintance with Mr Bouquet, a Hop Merchant.

Cec. Hop Merchant Sir! there's not a finer gentleman about Town than Mr Bouquet.

Cran. Like enough, I never saw him, but my old friend Vinegar the Wine Merchant, tells me, there is not a greater coxcomb about town, than this Mr Bouquet. His father was a Frenchman I'm told, so he's a fop by inheritance.

Cec. I wish Mr Vinegar would mind his own affairs.

Cran. So he does, so he does child—He has acquired a noble fortune by the importation of Port and Madeira.

Cec. Making Port and Madeira, you mean sir, he's an officious, impertinent, busy, meddling, old mischief-maker.

Cran. He's my friend, child.

Cec. Sir, your child's enemy can never be your friend—Mr Vinegar, talk of Mr Bouquet—Mr Vinegar is a mechanic, but Mr Bouquet, is a gentleman and scorns to do any thing.

Cran. Time enough for him to commence gentleman, when he has gathered the plum from the tree of industry—'Tis then a man enjoys the fruits of his labour.

Cec.

Cec. Yes sir, and by the time this plum is ripe, he without a tooth, will be obliged to mumble like old Vinegar.

Cran. She loves him, I see that (*aside.*) Harkee Child, take my word for it, Bouquet will never be worth the kernel of a damason. I am told it is nothing with him but Ranelaughs, Pantheons, and Operas.

Cec. Well, I like him the better.

Cran. To-day, I am told, away rattling in his vis-à-vis, like a Venetian Ambassador.—To-morrow, perch'd up in a high Phaeton, peeping into the people's garret windows—Now in his powdered gown, like a French Barber; and then you see him sliding down the Mall, in a pye bald coat—Buckles from the shew-glass, in Exeter change, and the face of a waiting maid, under the hat of a Russian trooper.

Cec. Believe me, sir, Mr Vinegar's outre description is a most monstrous Caricatura. He judges of a gentleman, with his narrow ruffles, and twelve gray hairs tied up in a basse bag.

Cran. You love this Bouquet then.

Cec. I do sir, I frankly own it.

Cran. Well Child, I like your candour. You shall go with me into the country child, and I warrant there the beautiful revolutions of the seasons, will erase him from your heart.

Cec. Ah dear papa, never, never.

Cran. Cecilia I tell you this, I love you as a parent ought, and therefore I never will approve of Mr. Bouquet's addresses, till he forsakes fashion and foppery, and returns to his hop-yards in Kent, and his country house in St Mary Aix.

Cec. Indeed papa, you are extremely cruel to me, my soul is never possessed of the lov'd idea of my sweet Bouquet, that you don't sour my temper with old Vinegar; and when I fondly imagine every obstacle to my happiness removed, you throw a hop packet in my way, and cut off my darling hope, with an odious simmery aix.

Cran. You know child, I mean it all for——

Cec.

Cec. Oh sir, you'll repent your unkindness to your poor Cecilia—Now for a seraphic strain, to soften, then leave him to melt at leisure. [*Aside.*]

SONG. *Cecilia.*

Tho' sweetly breathes the smiling spring,
 Tho' gentle rains the flowers bring,
 And hawthorn buds so gay, And hawthorn, &c.
 In vain descend refreshing showers,
 In vain peep forth the infant flowers,
 My true love far away, My true love far away, &c.
 Tho' blooming spring to summer yields,
 And promis'd daisies paint the fields,
 And sun beams brightly play.
 The sunny beams cou'd ne'er impart,
 A ray of joy to this fond heart,
 My true love far away, &c.
 Shou'd plenteous harvest bless the plains,
 And golden crops rejoice the swains,
 And sweetly smelling hay,
 Tho' all around is blyth and glad,
 Cecilia's heart alone is sad,
 My true love far away, &c. [*Exit Cecilia.*]

Cran. Poor Cecilia, yes she loves the Hop merchant—'Twill break her heart if she don't get him—Poor child. Pshaw? what an old fool I am—I'll see this Bouquet—Perhaps he is not so bad as my friend Vinegar—~~Sends him~~—I'll send for him and if—well, I'll say no more till I see him—no, no, my child must not die of a broken heart neither—I'll send for him—Who's there—Oh Dolce get me, hold.

Enter Dolce.

Its here (*goes to a table and writes.*) Ay, ay, Mr Bouquet Hop merchant, this I think fetches him—If Cecilia's love is returned—Dolce, call John hither.

Dolce. My Lady has sent him out, sir.

Cran. Ay he's running over the town hunting the fiddlers

fiddlers—well—oh apropos—Dolce, is not the young man below that brought me the letter just now?

Dolce. Yes sir.

Cran. He'll do—send him up. [Exit Dolce.]

This young man is strongly recommended to me, by my old friend Doctor Numscull the rector. He says he has a most surprising genius for oratory and eloquence, and all that—Oh here he comes.

Enter Mum.

Cran. Now shall I be stunn'd with a redundant flow of words, your servant sir.

Mum. Up (*nods his head.*)

Cran. I think sir your name is Mum.

Mum. Mum.

Cran. You brought me a letter from Doctor Numscull of Somnus Hall.

Mum. Yes.

Cran. He writes me word, that you are a great orator, and a very able disputant.

Mum. Ay.

Cran. And that your design in coming to London, is to deliver Lectures upon Elocution.

Mum. Yes.

Cran. Have you fixed upon a place yet for your purpose.

Mum. No.

Cran. Well we must look out for some convenient large room for you.

Mum. Ay.

Cran. Are you married.

Mum. No.

Cran. You design it.

Mum. Yes.

Cran. You can't fail of success amongst the Ladies.

Mum. No.

Cran. Your eloquence must have a powerful effect with them.

Mum. Ay.

Cran.

Cran. You have the art of persuasion.

Mum. Yes.

Cran. Doctor Numscull reports you a clever Auctioneer.

Mum. Yes.

Cran. But I begin to have some doubts of your loquacity.

Mum. Oh, ho!

Cran. Oh, ho! two syllables at once—I find you are a great orator.

Mum. Ay.

Cran. But your talents seem better adapted to the Parliament house than the rostrum—Should you like it.

Mum. Yes.

Cran. Have you much money.

Mum. No.

Cran. Then if you were in Parliament, you'd soon be a conscience out of pocket.

Mum. Aye.

Cran. You'd not give your ayes for nothing.

Mum. No.

Cran. Will you carry a letter for me.

Mum. Aye.

Cran. Here, its for Mr Bouquet, Hop merchant, Suffolk-street.

Mum. Aye.

Cran. Come back here directly, and we'll think of of your oratorial scheme.

Mum. Oh ho!

[Exit.

Cran. You are the devil of an orator sure enough, his words are so precious, he keeps them all for the Rorum—Now for Cecilia—If this Bouquet is at all an eligible match, why in the name of goodness she shall have him, I were a malicious old afs, to debar my child from pleasures, I can no longer enjoy myself, I have had my day—though gad! when kisses were dividing, I did not come in for the smallest share—Ah! the little rogues—But I have done with them all.

SONG

THE SON-IN-LAW.

9

SONG. *Cranky.*

Maidens do not think me stupid,
If I view your charms unmov'd,
What has age to do with Cupid;
Age can ne'er again be lov'd.

When hairs are gray and blood is cold,
The heart shou'd not run wild,
For he who marries when he's old;
May kiss his neighbour's child.

Active in each am'rous duty,
I could ogle swear and lie,
To obtain the yielding beauty;
Kneel and flatter sigh and die.
When hairs, &c.

[*Exit.*

SCENE, BOUQUET's Lodgings.

BOUQUET and IDLE.

Bou. Idle, I think this will do.

Idle. If it could last, this is a glorious life of our's.

Bou. I bid fair for it, as I have for ever banished play
from my fashionable amusements. Blotted it out of my
catalogue.

Idle. Right, sir, we are able to spend our money our-
selves.

Bou. Lilly, order my vis-a-vis.

Idle. Order our vis-a-vis. I don't like a vis-a-vis—
can't loll in it, I like to loll.

Bou. Idle, don't tell any body—keep strictly from
the people of the house, that I was a Hop merchant,
and you my clerk.

Idle. Tell—Its too much trouble.

Bou. Idle? Charming chemistry this of mine, what
æthereal spirit, to transmute earth to gold.

Idle. And gold to pleasure.

Bou. I have reserved a few Kentish acres tho' to sweet-
matrimony.

Idle.

Idle. Yes, but this disposing of one's property, is cursed troublesome—I wish you had done with at once.

Bou. I have sins enough in my list, not to add that of deceiving so amiable a girl as Cecilia.

Idle. Why, she would have you, without a guinea.

Bou. And for that reason, I wish I was worth a million—I wish I could prevail on her to elope.

Idle. That eloping is so cursed troublesome—Elope, why don't you step up to old Cranky, the father, and ask his consent.

Bou. Because I am certain of a refusal!—Some impertinent blockhead, has been busy enough to tell him, what an elegant young fellow I am.

Idle. How the devil, can people give themselves so much trouble.

Bou. Yes the father, it seems, though he never saw me thinks it a high misdemeanor, that I should quit the city, and prefer life to existence, without considering, that I am at this time a combination of taste and splendour.

Idle. You look well enough; I should like to dress myself, but its such a damned deal of trouble.

Bou. I flatter myself I am no bad match, but if she burn at priming, never more will I take aim by dress, never again cock my hat a-la-fuisse. I'll certainly discharge my friseur in a cloud of marischal, pare my nails break my looking-glass, sell off my vis-a-vis, and return to St Mary Aix in a Hackney Coach.

Idle. I would not take so much trouble for the finest woman in the world.

Bou. I fancy, *Idle*, the demolition of the glass would be the last operation, for absolutely, 'tis a most significant interpreter of the glances of the face.

S O N G. *Bouquet.*

This face observe discerning fair,
Observe each motion debonair,
This face observe discerning fair,
Observe each motion debonair,

THE SON-IN-LAW.

11

My artois buckles, when you view,
In shining sable fatten shoe,
You'll say that I'm from top to toe,
A monstrous handsome city beau.
You'll say, &c.

My humble wiskey I despise,
Like Phaeton and mount the skies,
And as I drive away like mad.
They all declare that I'm the lad,
And cry he's sure from top to toe,
A monstrous handsome city beau.

[Exit.

SCENE, Street.

Enter MUM. Knocks at the door.

Mum. Oh.

Man. Mr Bouquet, Hop merchant, in Suffolk-street
—A Bouquet has had my apartments these three weeks
but this letter can't be for him.

Mum. No, No!

Man. No, he follows no business—he's a man of fortune and fashion.

Mum. Oh.

Man. He's this instant gone out in his vis-a-vis—Hop merchant as sure as can be—Oh? I have it—ha! ha! ha! Hop merchant—this letter must be for my neighbour Bowkitt the dancing-master.

Mum. Oh, ho!

Man. Hop merchant—let's see—Bou—ay that's one way of spelling Bow—and Q-U-E-T instead of K-I-T-T kitt and because he's a dancing-master they stile him Hop merchant—Very comical faith, ha! ha! ha! he lives at yonder door my lad, ha! ha!

Mum. Ha! ha.

Enter Bowkitt, speaking to Servant.

Bow. No matter, say I am gone in the chariot, to give a lesson to the Countess of Cotillion, toll loll de roll.

B

Mum.

Mum. (gives the letter.)

Bow. For me, ha! ha! *capers and opens it* "Sir, in consequence of my daughter's partiality to your merit, I can no longer oppose Cecilia's inclination, that I should give her hand to you in the Temple of Hymen, for which purpose the bearer will conduct you to the house of your obedient servant. Thillegrew Cranky." So here's a new scholar ah ha!

[*Capers.*]

Mum. Oh, ho!

Bow. And I am singled out for the honour of dancing with her, in the Temple of Hymen—The Temple of Hymen, is some new Ball Room, I suppose, for I never heard of it before, (*looks at the direction*) B-O-U-Q-U-E-T, ay it must be a person of fashion, by not knowing how to spell my name—Hop merchant, they have heard of my keeping the little dancing-school at Clerkenwell, that's unfortunate—You lead the way.

Mum. Yes.

Bow. We'll promenado! as far as the Mews gate, then hey for a Coach—Cast off.

Mum. Hey.

Bow. Foot it, toll loll de roll.

[*Exit dancing.*]

Mum. Oh ho! toll loll de roll.

[*Exit capering.*]

SCENE, CRANKY'S HOUSE.

CRANKY meeting a servant.

Cran. John, is the young man returned.

Serv. No sir!

[*Exit Servant.*]

Cran. I am quite impatient to see Cecilia's taste.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A gentleman, who calls himself Bowkitt.

Cran. This is he—Bouquet, you blockhead, show him up—Bowkitt. An Englishman, is so naturally antigallican, that he cannot pronounce a word that sounds that way—Oh here is my daughter's fancy, your servant sir.

Enter

Enter Bowkitt.

Bow. Sir, I have the superlative felicity to declare, with most profound respect, that I have the honour to profess myself, your most obedient, much devoted humble servant. *[Bows.]*

Cran. How he throws his legs about, (*aside.*) I presume, sir, you partly guess at the business, on which I desired this favour.

Bow. Yes sir, I understand, you design to give a Ball!

Cran. A Ball.

Bow. Yes, sir, in the Temple of Hymen.

Cran. O yes, yes sir! my daughter, wishes to offer you her hand there.

Bow. She does me a great deal of honour, the Temple of Hymen, of a new room is——

Cran. New! I think it is a pretty old room, sir.

Bow. Hem! Very odd, I never heard of it before. I mean sir, it is so spacious. *[Aside.]*

Cran. Why, I believe the Temple of Hymen, is the largest room in the world—for scarce a night passes, that some millions of couples are not let down in it.

Bow. A damn'd lying old fellow, this (*aside.*) Yes sir, the Temple of Hymen is much frequented by persons of fashion.

Cran. Yes sir, and persons of fashion have lately adopted a mode of setting to cross partners, but I'll venture to say my Cecilia is, unfashionably, virtuous now, and I hope will ever remain so—though sir, I find you are decreed her partner, in this long dance.

Bow. Long dance—He's damn'd vulgar. *[Aside.]*

Cran. As its a dance that lasts you know.

Bow. I do sir, I am compleat master of all the dances, now used in the politest assemblies of Great Britain, from the Scots reel to Minuet de la cour.

Cran. Yes sir, But as I am about to resign my child to your care, you'll not be offended if I frankly tell you,

you had much better have stuck to your Hops, than meddle with reels and de la cours.

Bow. Oh sir, thanks to taste and practice, I have done with hops long ago.

Cran. More shame for you sir, I assure you attention to business, should be the strongest recommendation to my favour.

Bow. Sir, I challenge any gentleman of the pump in London, to pay a closer attention to business than I, for besides my private visits, to particular ladies in town, I have no less than eight boarding schools—First hey for Hackney—Chasee, for Hammersmith—Slide down for Chelsea—Cross over to Battersea—Figure into Stockwell—Promenade to Newington—Borce to London Bridge—Cast down to Bow, so sir, you see I have pretty general intercourse with the ladies.

Cran. You are a great favourite indeed!

Bow. Oh! sir, ah ha!

SONG. *Bowkitt.*

With an air debonair,
I instruct the ladies charming,
Sweet and pretty lovely fair,
And witty Susan Jane and Kitty;
I contrive to hit you.
Come away, all ye gay;
For the dance my trade is charming,
Sweet and pretty, lovely fair,
And pretty prithee come away.
See, see, see—The dancers are met,
What an elegant set,
While in country dance or cotillion,
They dance I regulate their pace.
Ye youths, would you the secret know,
When I advance, and make my bow,
Why I'm carefs'd where'er I go,
I squeeze the hand and point the toe,
And slide into their grace.

Cran.

Cran. But fir, a word if you are done with your quavers and capers—If it is your passion—I say fir, if you are so frolicksome to dance after all the boarding-schools about town, my daughter can expect but little of your company.

Bow. Sir, I'll be with her three times a week.

Cran. He'll make a devilish fashionable husband.

[*Aside.*

Bow. One hour each visit, no more time can I spare fir, no, no, must not neglect the boarding-schools—The sweet little angels.

Cran. But fir, if you are connected with my family, I presume you'll have no more to do with the little angels.

Bow. Why fir, I could not live without 'em.

Cran. Here's a fellow going to marry my daughter, and tells me to my face, he can't do without three or four dozen of little angels, (*aside*)—and are you really of so amorous a constitution.

Bow. I amorous, oh fie fir, I mean all in the way of business.

Bran. Oh then, I fancy my daughter will find employment for a cleverer fellow than ever stood upon your legs. But seriously, fir, have you entirely given up the Hop business.

Bow. Damn the Hop business, begging your pardon fir, but I had rather not have it mentioned—it was a vile drudgery, exceeding low—no, no, Sir, the boarding-schools for me.

Dran. And another son-in-law for me, (*aside*) I wish you good success—Good morning to you.

Bow. You'll send the young lady, fir.

Cran. Indeed I will not—you won't do for my family.

Bow. Sir, I am extremely sorry.

Cran. Don't let me so rash though—Sir, one word is all your dealings with the Brewers at an end.

Bow. The Brewers, Sir!

Cran. Zounds! fir, in one word, have you any property left.

Bow. Property fir!

Cran. Yes property fir—After all your reels and courants, could you scrape up a little capital, to begin the world again with.

Bow. [*Takes out his kitt*] Here fir, is the little capital that I begin the world with, and I'll scrape it up for you, with all my art and skill.

Cran. He's mad.

Bow. But my dear fir, why all this passion, I never had, nor can imagine that money is so necessary to our agreement, at least on my side—Do you find money, and I'll find steps. [*Capers.*]

Cran. Step out of my house this minute.

Bow. Sir, this is very strange behaviour.

Cran. Hop off, Mr Hop Factor.

Enter Cecilia.

Cec. What's the matter?

Cran. Why zounds girl! the fellow is not worth a shilling.

Cec. What fellow?

Cran. But if you will have him, you must—You'll repent it, that's all—You'll find yourself neglected by him.

Bow. I shall not neglect the lady, fir.

Cran. Did not you tell me, you could not be with her but three hours in the week.

Bow. I did so fir.

Cran. There? there, but if you will have him, you must, three hours in a week with you only—And he's as amorous as the Great Mogul.

Bow. Not I fir, not I, I am not amorous.

Cran. Oh! did not you tell me, you could not live without chasing after the boarding school Angels.

Bow. Sir, you may be as angry as you please, but I tell you again, I cannot neglect the boarding-schools.

Cran. There! there, but if you will have him, you must, oh child, child! he's a beggar.

Bow. Sir, I scorn your imputation—A beggar!

Cran.

Cran. Did not you say you had lost all dealings with the Brewers.

Bow. Sir, I know nothing about the Brewers.

Cran. There, there, but if you will have him you must, he's not worth a guinea, has not as much Hops as would produce a pennyworth of twopenny, he's poor, and to do him justice in my eyes, I never saw an uglier fellow—But as he's your choice.

Cec. My choice sir—Who is the gentleman?

Cran. Who should he be, but your darling Bouquet the Hop merchant of St Mary Aix.

Cec. Not he indeed!

Cran. Who the devil is he then?

Bow. Bowkitt the Dancing Master of Suffolk street.

Cran. A Dancing Master!

Bow. At your service.

Cran. And what brought you here?

Bow. Pray sir, is this your hand (*shews the letter.*) You sent for me sir.

Cran. I send for a Dancing! shew me (*looks at the letter*) I, ha! ha! I have it, ha! ha! ha!

Cec. What's all this?

Cran. My dear, it proceeds from a confounded blunder of Orator Mum's, ha! ha! ha! Instead of delivering my letter to your lover Bouquet, he goes and gives it to—What's your name my lad?

Bow. Lad (*Aside.*) Bowkitt sir.

Cran. Give it to Bowkitt the Dancing Master, ha! ha! ha! but you will excuse what is past my lad—You see what has occasioned it.

Cec. I knew there must be some mistake—But now sir, I hope you will rectify it, by sending for Mr Bouquet, in the mean time I can only testify my concern at having been the innocent cause of any embarrassment to this gentleman.

Bow. Oh never mind it madam, I shall be happy to dance at your wedding.

SONG.

SONG.

Bowkitt. You're so charming and fair,
Such a grace. such an air;
That you'll swim in the dance,
Like a lady from France,
And will prove then a wife,
A good partner for life.
You'll swim in the dance, &c.

Cranky. Some fathers wou'd huff, frown and lour,
Insist on their absolute power,
And give up their children for pelf;
But *Cecilia* since you'll not agree,
To marry the man pleases me,
E'en marry who pleases yourself,
E'en marry who pleases yourself,
E'en marry who pleases yourself.

Cecilia. Cupid Hymen crown our love,
To a maiden's call attend,
To a maiden's call attend,
Faithful may the husband prove,
When the father proves a friend;
Faithful may the husband prove,
When the father proves a friend.

Cupid Hymen hear our prayers,
Let the Graces dance the Hay,
Let the Graces dance the Hay,
Bacchus on thy run appear
This is Cranky's Holiday,
This is Cranky's Holiday,
This is Cranky's Holiday,

Feast and Holiday and Holiday and Holiday,
Feast and Holiday and Holiday and Holiday,
Feast and Holiday and Holiday and Holiday.

ACT

A C T II.

VINEGAR and JOHN without.

VINEGAR.

I Know he is at home.

John. He is not at home, indeed sir.

Vin. I am sure he is though.

John. Why, upon my word sir, he is not.

Vin. You lie, you lie. firrah, he is above, Cranky, old Cranky—Old Cranky I say—I warrant him here—Old Cranky I say—I say old Cranky.

Enter Vinegar and John.

Vin. Eh! he's not here I find—But you impudent scoundrel, how dare you contradict me; when I said he was at home, answer me that.

John. Because I knew he was abroad.

Vin. You ought to know it was ill manners to contradict, eh! you Plebeian. answer me that.

John. Sir I.

Vin. Do you prate—I'll break your head you scoundrel, I'll break your head. [Offers to strike him.

John. Sir, sir,—I—if you strike me—Perhaps—Perhaps you'd find—I'll answer you that.

Vin. You impudent audacious—

Enter Cranky.

Cran. Gad's my life what's all here to do—hey friend Vinegar.

Vin. Contradict me.

Cran. Why Vinegar you are always wrangling with the servants—what have they done to you, that you thus declare open war against them.

Vin. War—no war—I'll use them as Rodney does the French, beat them wherever I meet them.

Cran. Yes, but shew a little less of the master, and you'll find your servant more of your friend, go down John.

[Exit John.

Vin.

Vin. Ay go down stairs firrah—Contradict me—were you abroad; Answer me that?

Cran. I was, yes I was.

Vin. You were not—but I wont contradict you because it's not good manners—Well you were out—where? answer me that?

Cran. I was in search of Mr Bouquet on whom I find my daughter has fixed her heart.

Vin. In search of Bouquet—Not you indeed.

Cran. Upon my word I was tho'.

Vin. No, but I won't contradict you because it would be unmannerly.

Cran. I think as you say it would be unmannerly to contradict.

Vin. Do you go to the Club to night? answer me that?

Cran. I intend so.

Vin. No you don't; but I won't contradict you because I know what manners are.

Cran. Yes you're as polite as a Dutch Pirate.

[*Half aside.*]

Vin. What!

Cran. I say we have a fine summer before us.

Vin. Cranky you call'd me Pirate.

Cran. Not I—but I won't contradict you because it would not be good manners.

Vin. If you talk of manners you may bid me sit down in your own house.

Cran. Well sit down then, and I'll give you a bottle of your own Port.

Vin. I'd rather drink any body else's.

Cran. John. (*Enter John.*) A bottle of Port.

John. Yes sir.

[*Exit John.*]

Vin. I'm a fine fellow, answer me that?

Cran. So you are.

Enter John with Wine.

Vin. You have cause to say so—Retire. (*Exit John.*) Sing me a song, and I'll tell you a story.

Fran.

Cran. With all my heart.

SONG. *Cranky.*

I like the plain song without fine repetitions,
Soft cadences, graces, or running divisions,
I love Langolee and sweet Gramachree Molly,
Or strike up the Jorum to chase melancholy.
Or strike &c.

With a bottle of Red give me bumper Squire Jones
And the tempest of war in bold Banisters tones,
With old friends and old Wine
Thus I feel no decay,
But a gentle decline
As life passes away.

Good humours our waiter, so drink and sit still,
For why should we part till old death brings the bill,
Why should &c.
Why should &c.
So drink and sit still,
Till old death bring the bill.

Cran. There old Vinegar that's my epitaph.

Vin. I wish it was.

Cran. Thank you.

Vin. Did you sing your best.

Cran. Yes I did.

Vin. The worst song I ever heard.

Cran. Eh—but your story.

Vin. Did you find Bouquet? answer me that?

Cran. No.

Vin. You soon may.

Cran. Where?

Vin. In the Cage.

Cran. What Cage?

Vin. In St George's Fields.

Cran. The King's Bench.

Vin. Yes, he's a man of pleasure, the Dog and Duck
will be his Ranelagh, and he'll travel as far as the Lac-
rarium.

Fran.

Cran. Fait.

Vin. Think no more of him, I have a husband for your daughter.

Cran. Who is he?

Vin. Do you like a rich Son-in-Law? Answer me that?

Cran. Yes.

Vin. That's wonderful—Harlee—he's worth upwards of an hundred and twenty thousand pounds.

Cran. Is he handsome.

Vin. A little gummy or so.

Cran. Who is he?

Vin. A great Italian banker; lately arrived from Venice, young, and very rich.

Cran. Well!

Vin. Come to London about a matter of business, but he likes it so well, that he talks of settling here, and taking a house in Portland place.

Cran. Portland place, well!

Vin. Has conceived a mighty passion for Cecilia, saw her at the Opera the other night: I met him at a friend's in Lombard street, he spoke in raptures of your daughter, and finding I knew you, gave me a commission to break the matter to you—A fine affair; answer me that.

Cran. A Banker of Venice.

Vin. A great thing—Young and rich.

Cran. A capital hit—If any man living can supplant this fop Bouquet—An Italian has the best chance—her patron for music, makes her so exceedingly partial to every thing of that Country.

Vin. He's a prize, don't let him slip, I fancy he'll call on you this morning; I gave him your address. I told him you was a good natured stupid old fellow.

Cran. I am much obliged to you. You'll introduce him.

Vin. No, I won't, I have business. He'll come without ceremony, and he'll expect none. You know my way, I told him your character, says I, my friend Cranky is tolerably honest, as the world goes, but say that

that and you say all: I hear, says my Italian, Mr Cranky spoke of as a very worthy old gentleman. The world's damnably given to lying, says I, for the only good thing I know of him is, that he drinks my wine, and pays me ready money, ha, ha, ha!

Cran. You are very kind.

Vin. No, no, he expected no good manners from you.

Cran. Not if he judges from my company. (*aside*) What's his name?

Vin. Signor—Signor—Curse these Italian names, I know it ends with an *ini* or an *elli*, or something that way.

Cran. His coming this evening will be quite apropos, for Cecilia is to have a concert here, in the next room, and her skill in music must render her doubly amiable to an Italian gentleman.

Vin. That's impossible that any can. He certainly will marry her, and I'd advise you to conclude the affair immediately for fear of accidents.

Cran. My dear friend, I don't know how to thank you.

Vin. I know you don't, you're so damned unmannerly. Farewell. He drinks my wine, and pays me ready money, Signior, ha, ha, ha!

Cran. That was extremely facetious, ha, ha, he! You laughed very heartily at me.

Vin. Yes, ha, ha, ha! and the Senior laugh'd at you in broken English. Well good bye.

Cran. You think he'll come this evening.

Vin. Yes, yes, certainly, farewell. Where are you going? answer me that.

Cran. Only to ring for a servant.

Vin. To watch for fear I should slip any thing off the sideboard, in the parlour, as I go out. Is that your politeness. Oh Cranky, Cranky, I fear I never can teach you good manners. [*Exit.*]

Cran. That you never can indeed? There's a man, first waiter at a tavern in Fleet-street, marries his master's widow, a Vintner ten years, commences Wine merchant

merchant and in fifteen years, amassed a fortune of fifty thousand pounds—Well done old Vinegar—A lucky circumstance, though—If Cecilia accept of this Banker for a husband—Oh here she comes, with a whole cargo of fiddles, drums, hautboys, fifes, horns and trumpets; oh Lord! oh Lord! I must get out of her way, while I have the use of my ears. [Exit.]

Enter Cecilia meeting Dolce.

Dolce. Oh madam!

Cec. What's the matter?

Dolce. Ah! madam, I fear you'll see Mr Bouquet no more.

Cec. You surprise me, why, pray?

Dolce. You must know madam, old Vinegar has had a long conference with your papa, and happening, by accident to pass by the door, and hearing your name drop, I was tempted to listen—

Cec. Listen!

Dolce. I'd scorn to listen for myself madam, but hearing your name drop, and knowing Mr Vinegar's dislike to you marrying Mr Bouquet, I could not resist it.

Cec. What could you gather?

Dolce. As sure as I live madam, Mr Vinegar has recommended a great Hessian, as a husband for you.

Cec. A Hessian!

Dolce. Yes madam, a Banker it seems; and you are to be married to him immediately.

Cec. Dear girl, I thank you for this information, this shock has so suddenly affected me, I shan't be able to recover my brilliance this five minutes; but tell the company, I'll do myself the honour of waiting on them presently.

Dolce. Yes, madam. [Exit.]

Cec. What a dreadful resolution—Such a sudden transition too—My Father, that not two hours since seem'd so anxious for my union with my sweet Bouquet.

Enter

Enter Dolce and Bouquet.

Dolce. Don't be angry with me, dear madam for promoting this pleasing interview.

Cec. Mr Bouquet.

Bou. My dear Cecilia.

Cec. Ah! Mr Bouquet, what a——

Bou. I have heard it all from Dolce.

Cec. We shall never be united by my father's consent, and without it, my heart is breaking.

Bou. Come my love, dry up your tears, we shall emerge from this envious cloud, and enjoy a full fruition of love and happiness.

Cec. But how did you gain admittance?

Bou. As one of your band, but hearing Mr Vinegar's voice as I am certain he knows my person, though your father does not, for fear of discovery, I popt into the case of the double base, that lies in the Concert room.

Cran. (*without.*) John

Cec. My father's voice!

Dolce. Mr Bouquet madam, had best retire to the old station, till I am certain Mr Vinegar's gone. [*Exit.*

Bou. And must we part.

Cec. But for a moment. [*Exit Bouquet.*

Enter Dolce.

Dolce. I fancy Mr Vinegar is still below stairs, but I must be upon the watch.

Cec. Dolce, my mind is now somewhat more at ease, my father's caprice may soon take another turn, and that may be in your favour.

Dolce. Heaven send it madam.

Cec. I expect Signior Arionelli here at the Concert, I have a notion of becoming his pupil; when he comes, shew him into the Concert room.

Dolce. Yes, madam.

Cec. You know him, the Italian Opera singer, speaks in a small tone like a woman.

Dolce. Oh! I know him very well, madam. [*Exit.*

Cec. Now to assume all the cheerfulness in my power.

SONG. *Cecilia.*

Goddeſs of the magic geſtus,
Queen of am'rous arts and wiles,
How can we when cares moleſt us,
How can we when cares moleſt us,
Veil our agonies in ſmiles.

Goddeſs of the magic geſtus, &c.

Whiſt in dread ſurpriſe we tremble,
Whiſt black cares and fears amoug,
Vain the effort to diſſemble:
To wear the face of joy.

Whiſt in dread, &c.

In gratitude to the exalted friendſhip,
I'll quit this ſcene of horror and deſpair,
But oh! thus exil'd, I ſhall only fly,
Reſtleſs to tread the paths of miſery.

[*Exit.*

Enter Cranky and John.

Cran. John, if a foreign Gentleman comes, an Italian d'ye mind, introduce him. (*knock*) Run, run, perhaps this is he—Ay, he'll make ſomething like a Son-in-law, and if I find him as eager as Vinegar reports, I'll have the wedding ſolemniz'd this night.

Enter John.

John. Signior—I forget—the Italian gentleman.

Enter Arionelli.

Ari. Umbiliſſimo, ſervo, ſignior, is this Mr Cranky's houſe?

Cran. You are very right ſir, my name is Cranky.

Ari. Devotiſſimo ſervo ſuo.

Cran. He has a mighty comical voice.

[*Aſide.*

Ari. The young lady your daughter.

Cran. How impatient he is to ſee her.

[*Aſide.*

Ari.

Ari. I have sir, a great respect for her taste in music.

Cran. Sir, you do her a great deal of honour, music sir, is her great passion, and I have always encouraged her in the pursuit, particularly Italian music, I am transported with Italian music—I'd rather hear a Scots Bagpipe.

[*Aside.*

Ari. Sir, you are very obliging.

[*Bows.*

Cran. He has a very droll voice.

[*Aside.*

Ari. Sir, I am quite languente for the lady.

Cran. How deeply he is in love with my daughter.

[*Aside.*

Ari. To convince her.

Cran. Oh sir, time enough for that, you shall have a full opportunity to cultivate a permanent esteem.

Ari. I shall be careful sir, Delegents, in my part to merit her favour.

Cran. I'll answer for my daughter—And for my part, sir, there is no man in England, I am more anxious to have introduced into my family, from the excellence of your character, and therefore sir, if you please, we'll have every thing settled immediately.

Ari. Sir, I'll answer that after I sing one song.

Cran. A song sir.

Ari. You can form a better judgment of my voice.

Cran. Oh sir, your voice is a very immaterial point, a gentleman's character, sir is——

Ari. Yes sir, but I would convince you that my voice comes up to my character.

Cran. I suppose he has a voice in the senate of Venice that he makes such a work about it (*aside*) Pray Sir, pardon me, are you a senator?

Ari. Sir!

Cran. Perhaps you are a Venetian Parliament man.

Ari. Sir, I don't understand—

Cran. Then I must come to the point, sir, we will adjust this affair immediately.

Ari. But sir, after the Concert—In the mean time, I'll sing you one little song.

SONG

SONG. *Arionelli.*

Water parted from the sea,
May increase the river's tide,
To the bubbling fount may flee,
Or thro' fertile vallies glide.

Tho' in search of soft repose,
Thro' the land 'tis free to roam,
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Panting for its native home.
Tho' in search of soft, &c.

Cran. What has a Concert to do with the business in question, in a short interview with my daughter, you'll be acquainted with her qualifications, we'll send for our lawyers and——

Ari. Lawyers! dear sir, you are too particular, there is no occasion for lawyers in——

Cran. Pardon me sir, all these little formalities properly adjusted before marriage, lays the foundation of future happiness, besides, a provision for the children you know is essential.

Ari. Children, marriage—I beg your pardon, sir, I did not consider about—this marriage—but it seems your daughter is going to be married.

Cran. Certainly, if you please.

Ari. I beg your pardon sir, I'll take my leave for the present.

Cran. Take your leave!

Ari. Oh sir, I am not at all impatient.

Cran. Very odd this (*aside*) You are not impatient.

Ari. No, no sir, any other time will do for me.

Cran. Sir you are grown very cool of a sudden—in one word will you be married?

Ari. Sir, I don't understand.

Cran. Will you marry my daughter, that's the English of it.

Ari. Sir I came here for a Concert.

Cran. Well my daughter is a Concert for a prince.

Ari. Sir I mean I came here to a Concert.

0403

Cran.

Cran. Oh! we'll stay for the Concert, but do you like my daughter.

Ari. She is very beautiful.

Cran. And have you any thing to say against her virtue.

Ari. O caro, no Signior.

Cran. Then zounds! why won't you marry her.

Ari. Sir, sir, your daughter is a very fine lady, and a very good lady—but for—marriage—it is quite out of my way.

Cran. How are your affections engaged since you saw old Vinegar.

Ari. I have no old Vinegar, nor affections for any thing but my notes.

Cran. Well every banker should take care of his notes, but he might like a pretty girl too.

Ari. Sir I respect and honor the pretty girls but for marriage—it will do for me to sing to the ladies.

Cran. Sir if you object to marry my daughter, you came to my house with a dishonourable intent.

Ari. Sir I!

Cran. Sir you disclosed your passion for my daughter to old Vinegar—I believe old Vinegar.

Ari. I don't understand—old Vinegar,

Cran. Zounds sir——

Enter Cecilia.

Cec. Oh my sweet Signior we have been all languent for your presence.

Cran. Sweet Signior oh! oh! now I see what obstructed the marriage, oh thou wicked girl.

Cec. Sir!

Cran. O thou vile seducer.

Ari. Signior.

Cec. What's the matter now sir.

Cran. After all he won't marry you.

Cec. What all sir?

Cran. Has he not undone you.

Ari. Signior, I can undo no body.

Cec.

Cec. Undone me fir?

Cran. Yes you profligate.

Cec. Ha, ha, ha!

Cran. What do you laugh at? Oh she is hardened in her iniquity.

Cec. Why, my dear fir, do you know who this is?

Cran. Oh yes madam, I know your Venetian Banker.

Cec. Why fir this is Signior Arionelli the Opera singer.

Cran. Nelly the Opera singer! marry my daughter! Oh I have mistook my man.

Ari. Madam, if you please madam, I will go into the Concert.

Cran. Ay, ay, go, go to the Concert.

Ari. La Rin—Grazio Signior shiavo suo Signior.

SONG *Arionelli.*

Signior Cranky then adio
Banish all your vain alarms
Signior Cranky then adio
Ah farewell bell I dol mio
To a Briton give your charms
Ah farewell bell I dol mio
Signior Cranky &c.

Cran. I am vexed with myself, I have made myself so ridiculous with the opera singers and dancing masters, I believe something, I don't know what interferes in this affair, Cecilia I will be obeyed—and therefore I insist that you take——

Cec. Oh dear fir.

Cran. The man of your own choice.

Cec. Dear kind papa.

Cran. Come exhibit your Concert room—John.

FINALE.

Cran. No longer Cupid's foe child,
To make you reparation,
For all your sad vexation,
Go please your inclination.

And

THE SON-IN-LAW.

And take your lovely beau child,
And take your lovely beau child.

Cec. Papa I humbly thank you,

Cran. Tune up your violin cello,
This night I'll sure get mellow,
And as a kind old fellow,
Each lover here will thank you,
Each lover here will thank you.
No more I'll be absurd,
If old nick cou'd hither carry him,
You this very night shou'd marry him.

Bou. I take you at your word,
I take you at your word,

Cran. Hark! hark! for without doubt,
The voice comes from the bass.

Bou. Make haste and let me out,

Cec. My lover's in the case,

Cran. A lover's in the case.

Is this your beau my dear.

Bou. Yes sir, and your obedient.

Cran. And thus you got in here.

Cec. } A lover's last expedient,

Cran. } A lover's last expedient.

I keep my word, her hand here take,
No more you'll play the naughty rake.

Bou. For love, for love, I folly here forsake,
For love, for love, I folly here forsake,
I folly here forsake.

Cec. Hail oh, hail, hail ho,
Hail, hail, oh matrimony divine,
Parent of the tuneful nine,
Parent of the tuneful nine,
Warbling, sporting, chirping, courting
Warbling, sporting, chirping, courting
Love and matrimony be mine.

CHORUS.

All. Hail oh, hail hail oh.

F I N I S.

